A NEW SONG on

Dennis Bowes Daly, Esq;

AND REAL INDEPENDENT

Whig Interest.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

2. *Admiral BENBOW.*

3. *The Soldier's Farewel.*

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The Soldier's Farewel.

Written by T. C. Private Soldier,

61ſt REGIMENT.

WHY heaves thy boſom, lovely maid?
Check thoſe heart-rending ſighs!
Nor let pale grief thy roſes fade,
Nor tears bedim thine eyes;
Calm thy ſwoln breaſt, and ceaſe to mourn,
Dread not thy Soldier's fate,
For he, with glory, ſhall return
To thee, my lovely KATE.

Tho' to my Kate, I bid adieu,
Obedient to my call;
Yet ſtill my heart remains with you
My love, my life, my all:
Whilſt ſacred honour calls me forth,

Love fondly whiſpers, wait;
But reaſon bids me prove my worth,
And win my lovely KATE.

See, ſee, the glorious enſigns fly!
The Drum, the Trumpet, ſounds,
My fellow Soldier's hearts beat high,
They feel their Country's wounds;
Impatiently they graſp their Arms,
Rage makes them all elate;
But thou alone, my boſom warms,
My dear, my lovely KATE.

And when to ſcurge imperious Spain
I tread the Indian ſhore;
When blood ſhall drench the ſcorched plain,
And Serpents baſk in gore;
By thee invok'd, the powers of love,
Shall on thy Soldier wait,
And for thy ſake, my guardians prove,
My ſweet, my lovely KATE.

If panting underneath the line,
Or toſs'd on raging floods,
If on bleak Polar hills I pine,
Or ſtray through pathleſs Woods,

Still thy dear image in my breaſt,
Shall every danger cheat,
And Deſerts ſeem, with Roſes dreſt,
When I think on my KATE.

And when return'd to thy lov'd arms,
And toils and dangers o'er,
Bleſs'd of all thy world of charms,
What can I wiſh for more?
Join'd to my fair celeſtial love,
In Wedlock's happy ſtate,
Thy Soldier then, will be a Jove!
My Queen—my lovely KATE.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

OH! we ſail'd to Virgina, and thence to Fayol.
Where we water'd our ſhipping, and ſo then weigh'd all;
Full in view on the ſeas, boys, ſeven ſail we did eſpy,
Oh! we man'd our capſtern, and weigh'd ſpeedily.

The firſt we came up with was a brig and a ſloop,
We aſked if the other five was as big as they look'd?
But turning to windward as near as we could lie,
We found they were French men of war cruizing hard by.

We drew up our ſqadron in a very neat line,
And engag'd them moſt deſperate for four hours time;
But the day being ſpent, boys, an night coming on,
We left them alone till the next morning's ſun.

The very next morning our engagement prov'd hot,
For brave admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain ſhot;
And when he was wounded, to his men he did ſay,
"Take me up in your arms, lads, and bear me away

"Take me down to the cockpit, there's room for my ſmarts,
"Leaſt the reſt of the crew ſhould be damp'd in their hearts:
"Take me down to my ſurgeon, where there's eaſe for pain,
"For I fear I ſhall ne'er ſee Old England again."

The cannons did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
When brave Admiral Benbow was heard loud to cry,
"Lads, don't ſtrike your colours, but ſteer tow'rds the eaſt,
"Your Admiral dies, wiſh his ſoul peace and reſt."

The very next morning, by the break of the day,
We ho'ſt our mainſail, and to on bore away;
When we came to Port Royal, people flock'd 'bout us much
To ſee brave Benbow carry'd to Kingſton town church.

Come all ye jolly Seamen whatever you be,
Fill your cans to the health of his preſent Majeſty;
The next we will find to the girl that we do know,
And the third to the mem'ry of brave Admiral Benbow.

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YE Muses gay descent pray,
And raise your tuneful voices,
Bowes Daly's praise to grace your lays,
Should always be your choices;
His worthy name must be your theme,
He ought to be respected
No gentleman, shall (if we can,)
Before him be Elected.

His golden store supply's the poor,
In Country and in City,
The fatherless he does redress,
And widow's find his pity;
Greater foes may well suppose,
Him kind and tender hearted,
God grant that he, Elected be,
Who ne'er from birth departed.

Ye gents sublime this is the time,
To chuse him for your County,
With Stepney brave let him receive
Your consolative bounty;

Grant him the Chair, with hearts ſincere,
To crown his future honour,
God proſper thoſe who favour Bowes,
Eſpecially O'Connor.

The great O'More, L'Strange, moſt pure,
Squire Birr, of Baly in Dealing,
Duke Jeffers, brave, with Lucas, gave,
Their friendſhip with great feeling;
My worthy theme, brave Bowes, by name,
Young Jackſon, well defended,
Drought, and ſquire Dunn, with Portarlington,
To have him condeſcended.

Young ſquire Weakly, moſt kindly,
With Brave Malone conſented,
To ſtrengthen Bowes, againſt his foes,
They truly are contented;
Fam'd Bagot too that's always true,
In time gave his aſſiſtance,
Dames of Green-hill gave his good will,
Without the leaſt reſiſtance.

There ſtill remains to grace my ſtrains,
Some gentlemen of Candour,
Squire Armſtrong with Sheridon,
That's ſtout as Alexander;
Thoſe greatful pair with hearts ſincere,
Their intereſt they united,
The great Magan, with Warburton,
To join him were delighted.

Sweet Clara-town where there's no clown,
But gentlemen freeholders,

Each loyal Heart, with Bowes took part,
They are his chief upholders;
Gage Bourough too, with ſweet Belview,
To join him adventur'd,
Bird, and Mullock, God give them luck,
His honour well be friended.

Portarlington, great fame has won,
By granting him their voices,
That darling town of great renown
To Chair him all rejoices;
Proſperity to ſweet Stymy,
That gay and worthy ſquire,
Bowes to Elect, with due reſpect,
Is all his whole deſire.

With truth ſincere, I now declare,
Scarce half his friends we've told you
Both lords and knights in him delights,
And further I'll unfold you;
All ſordid gain he does diſdain,
His Country he admires,
Lord, that he, may ſhortly be,
To crown his friends deſires.

Now to conclude, ſince ſubdued,
John Lloyd, and Charles Lury,
Old Parſons ton was like to rue,
He put him in a fury;
Since Bowes is Chair'd, be all prepar'd,
In each diſtrict Manor,
With hearts and voice for to rejoice,
And toaſt unto thy honour.

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